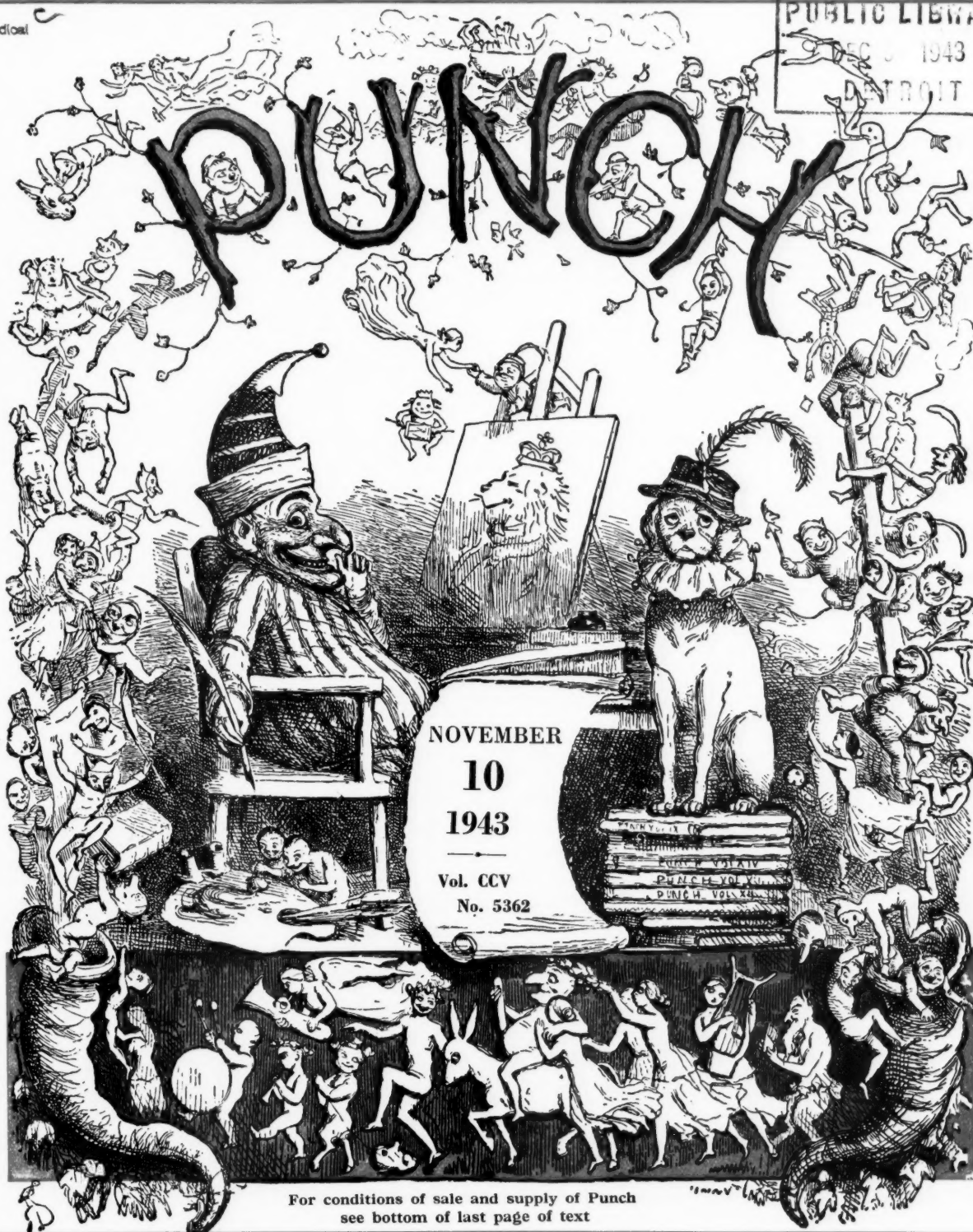


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Periodical

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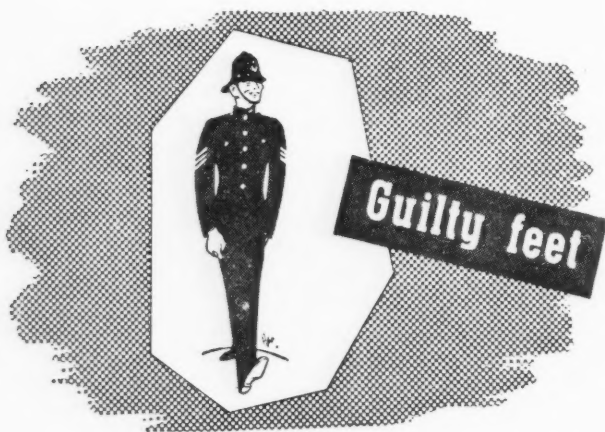


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GLOVES • UNDIES • STOCKINGS • KNITWEAR



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A single corn can start serious trouble. Don't let it happen! At the first sign of foot-faults—call at Scholl Foot Service. Our experts will make a thorough examination, and then, with scientific treatment, slowly bring your feet back 'into the true.' It costs little—it means much.

Scholl Foot Aids and Appliances for men, women and children are obtainable at Scholl Depots, all good chemists, shoe-dealers and stores.

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AND

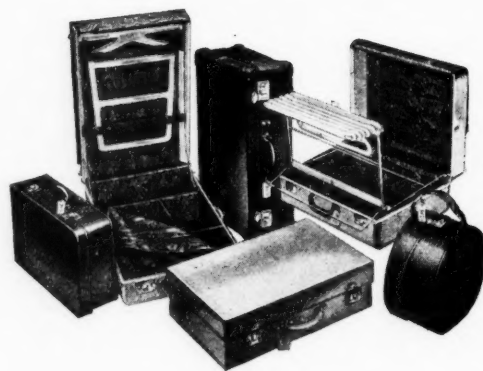
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*The World's
Greatest Toys*

We regret that we cannot supply these famous toys today, but they will be ready for you again after the war. In the meantime, if you are in any difficulties with your toys, write to

MECCANO LIMITED, BINNS ROAD, LIVERPOOL 13

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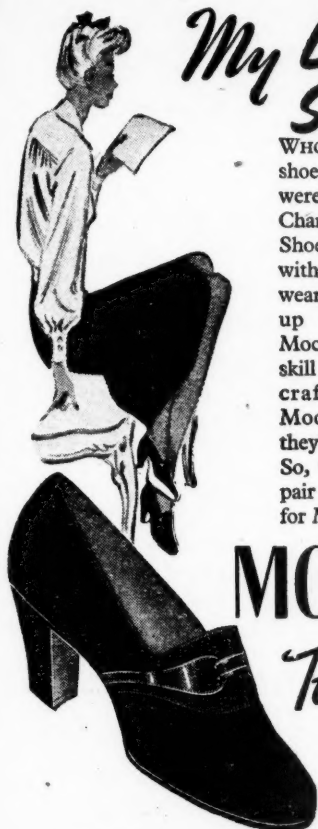
IN the days of peace which lie ahead, ANTLER TRAVEL GOODS will again be available for all travellers in whom good taste and the appreciation of quality are instinctive.



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Best Luggage*

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J. B. BROOKS & CO. LTD., BIRMINGHAM



My Lady's Secret!

Who would believe that the shoes she wore when shopping were the same she wore to the Charity Concert? But Moccasin Shoes are cleverly styled to go with morning or afternoon wear. And, in order to stand up to this double duty, Moccasin Shoes are built with skill and care to last. Good craftsmanship goes into Moccasin Shoes whether they're Utility or otherwise. So, when you buy your next pair of shoes, why not ask for Moccasin?

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*Two purpose
Shoes*



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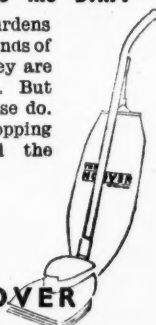
The Hand that held the Hoover works the Drill!

With no glamour of uniform, with all the burdens and responsibilities of running a home, thousands of housewives in 1943 are war-workers too. They are doing a double job. They get no medals for it. But if ever women deserved especial honour, these do. So to all war-workers, who also tackle shopping queues, cooking, cleaning, mending, and the hundred and one other household jobs



Salute!

FROM HOOVER



BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI AND H.M. QUEEN MARY
HOOVER LIMITED, PERIVALE, GREENFORD, MIDDLESEX

Christmas Shopping AT HARRODS

TIME is a precious element in our lives to-day. . . . there is little to spare . . . still less to spend on shopping.

Yet in spite of all other activities there still remains, as it always will, that age-old custom . . . Christmas Shopping!

The many advantages of shopping at Harrods have never been more appreciated than to-day where, under one roof, can be found the finest display of Christmas Gift ideas in the country.

But—remember—stocks are limited, so it is the early shopper who gets the best of the selection.

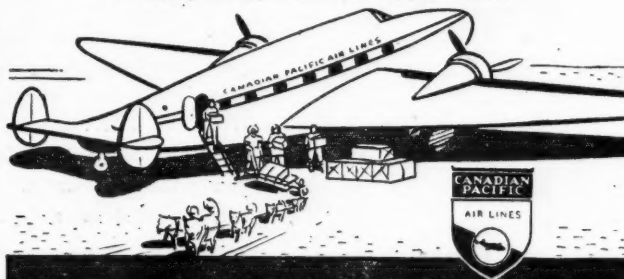
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Opening wide the door to Canada's New North, Canadian Pacific Air Lines give access to new and vital resources.

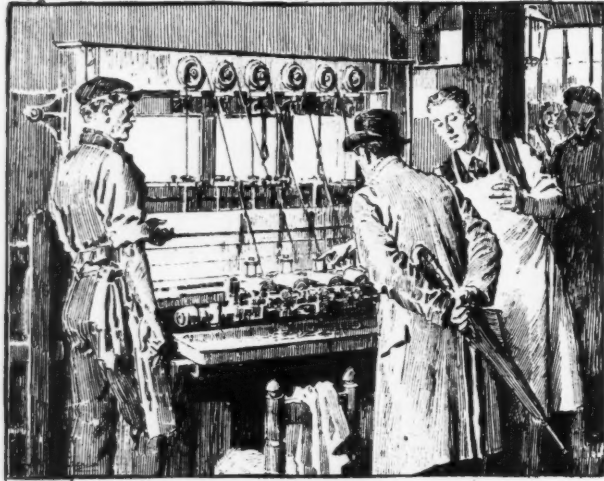
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Canadian Pacific AIR LINES

THE *Wings* OF
THE WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM

Threads from the loom of time



6 THE DISCOVERY OF RAYON

THE 1900 Paris Exhibition is a date and place to remember for it was here that Courtaulds first interested themselves in the process which has given the world the lovely fabrics known as Courtaulds Rayon.

Characteristically, once Courtaulds decided to "take up" the new process, they threw themselves into research and development. Patience, perseverance and financial fortitude brought its reward, and in due course the original Courtaulds rayon was made available to the public.

Viewed from present-day standards, these first rayon materials seem but poor travesties of the lovely fabrics so popular before the war.

It is one of to-day's hardships that Courtaulds rayons are scarce, but with the return of Peace they will again be obtainable in even greater variety than before. In addition, new developments in other spheres are being perfected to add to the amenities of modern living.

COURTAULDS—the greatest name in RAYON



From Portugal...
the Traditional Wine
of the Englishman

CHAPLINS

Old Tawny

CONCORD PORT

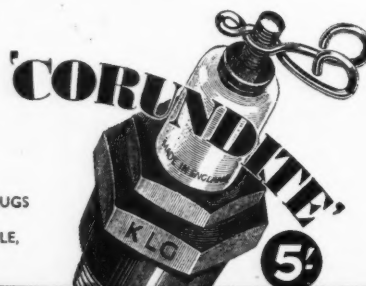
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W. H. CHAPLIN & CO. LTD. Estd. 1867
Wholesale Wine and Spirit Merchants, Distillers
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K.L.G.

Sparkling PLUGS

have always had an enviable reputation, but when after the war the story of these historic days is told in detail, they will be found to have played an important part in the war effort, not only in the air, but on land and sea as well. If in the interval you find it difficult to buy K.L.G. Sparkling Plugs for your own motor car, you will be tolerant, for the needs of the Services must come first.



K.L.G.
SPARKING PLUGS
LTD.
PUTNEY VALE,
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**THAT'S SIMPLE
ENOUGH!**



Yes, especially these days!
How do you mean?

I usually leave my dentures
in 'Steradent' overnight—but
if there's an air-raid warning
20 minutes in 'Steradent' in the
morning cleans them beautifully.

But does that really remove
the film?

Of course it does!

Good! From now on 'Steradent'
does my teeth, too!

Why not get a tin from the
chemist?

Steradent

cleans and sterilizes false teeth

Directions: Half tumbler of warm water. Add 'Steradent'—the cap of the tin full. STIR. Steep dentures overnight or 20 minutes. Rinse well under tap.



BEAR BRAND HONEY



THE
PREMIER BRAND
Honey is rationed with all preserves and distribution is accordingly limited. We ask you not to be disappointed if it is difficult to obtain.

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Branch: The Bear Honey Co.
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THE BEST
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Safeguard Your Teeth!



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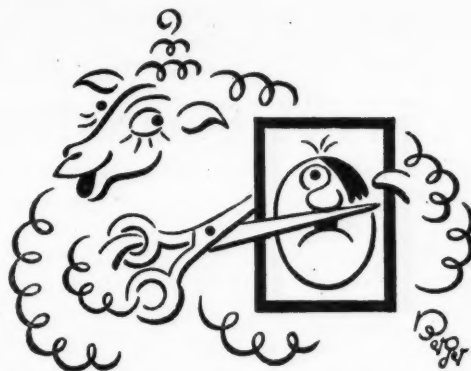
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KENT OF LONDON
Best British Brushes



The Simpson two-piece suit has a double appeal in these days of restrictions. It is not only "typical Simpson tailoring"—which means a lot to men who demand good clothes—but it is a coupon bargain. It costs only 21 coupons because there is no waistcoat. On cold days you wear it with a pull-over and most of us have one or two of these. In exclusive worsteds, Saxonomies and tweeds, it is supremely comfortable.

From the best shops in most big towns or from Simpson (Piccadilly), Ltd., 202, Piccadilly, London, W.1.



Each man who wears the shorter sock
And bravely bares his calf
Helps us to cut the Wehrmacht's stay
In Italy in half!

For shorter socks conserve our wool
And free full many a barque
To take the Stuff of Victory
To Monty and to Clark.

Wolsey



TIRED nerves need 'SANATOGEN' Nerve-Tonic Food. If you are feeling run-down and lack your old energy, if your work in the war makes you call on reserves of strength, if you are living on your nerves, ask your chemist for a tin of 'SANATOGEN'. Stocks are limited, but every district is getting its fair share of the supplies available.

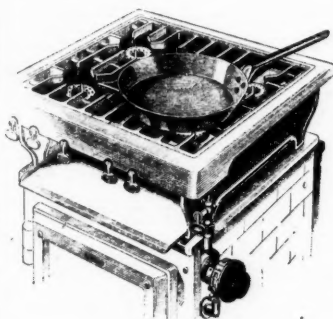
SANATOGEN

Regd. Trade Mark

NERVE-TONIC FOOD

In one size only—6/6d.

A 'GENATOSAN' Product



**What has
a cooker
to do
with paint?**

Those lustrous, hard gleaming paints you see on telephones, typewriters, motor cars and so on, are cooked in order to toughen them up. This cooking process is no haphazard affair. The Robbialac Laboratories provide manufacturers using these specially-durable paints with a suitable recipe for "stoving" (the technical term for this cooking process). This recipe enables the manufacturers to "stove" the paints in the correct heat for the correct length of time in the correct type of oven, thereby getting a perfect finish. Frequent tests are carried out by Robbialac scientists to ensure that their stoving finishes give perfect results—under practical conditions. The proof of the paint is in the testing and tested paints such as you get from Robbialac can be relied upon to assist speedy production. After the war, whether you make anything from iron bedsteads to bicycles, remember the Robbialac Company will have a stoving finish to meet your needs.

The ROBBIALAC COMPANY

Proprietors: JENSON & NICHOLSON LTD., LONDON, E.15

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CIGARETTES & TOBACCOS

**NO
LAMENTATIONS...**

It is customary in war-time to lament a decline in the public taste and to decry the judgment which finds a substitute better than its original. We find no evidence to support either charge. Never were Balkan Sobranie so highly priced, never were they so scarce, yet never were they in such constant demand. We take that as a compliment to public morale as well as to our private pride. And, as Balkan Sobranie have no substitute, the second charge does not arise.



SOBRANIE LTD LONDON, E.C.1

DUTY-FREE CIGARETTES

for H.M. Forces Overseas (including INDIA and Prisoners of War)

ROTHMANS NAVY CUT MEDIUM			
	200	500	1000
To Prisoners or Civilian Internees in Europe	4/-	10/-	20/-
To H.M. Forces Overseas (incl. India) or H.M. Ships Personnel on Active Commission	4/9	11/6	21/6
ROTHMANS PALL MALL DE LUXE			
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Rothmans are exceptionally well equipped to despatch gift parcels Duty Free to H.M. Forces Overseas—and this now includes those serving in India—and Duty Free and Post Free to Prisoners of War in Europe. The cost of a Duty Free

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*Servant
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THE
MASTER DESIGN
IN ELECTRIC
REFRIGERATORS

One day we shall turn again to our H.M.V. refrigerators for choice foods deliciously chilled and ice to clink in our glasses. Like all post-war H.M.V. Electrical Household Appliances, these refrigerators will be remarkable for their stream-lined beauty, their perfect efficiency.

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ELECTRICAL HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES

ELECTRIC IRONS • ELECTRIC WASHERS • RADIANT FIRES
ROOM HEATERS • HOT-PLATES • COOKERS • REFRIGERATORS

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Comfort

Service women who take cover in the snug warmth of a well-cut Austin Reed great-coat can defy the only enemy in this island—the weather. Our Service greatcoats are tailored from cloths made by the best mills in the country, and are priced from £11.14s.3d.



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more & more
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being polished

with
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BOOT
POLISH**

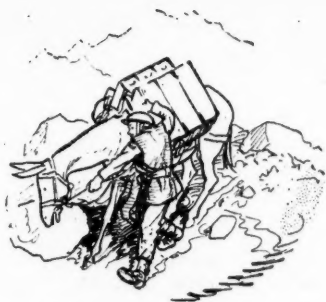


IN BLACK & DARK BROWN

USE SPARINGLY—
THE SUPPLY IS RESTRICTED



NOV. 11
PLEASE GIVE
GENEROUSLY
REMEMBRANCE DAY



PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCV No. 5362

November 10 1943

Charivaria

GOERING has been visiting areas bombed by the R.A.F., but too late for satisfactory synchronization.

"We still have Japan," said Goebbels recently. What is beginning to worry Tokyo is that Japan still has Germany.

Quisling leaders of occupied countries summoned to a conference by the Fuehrer are now back home again. They were afraid of that.

"Lost, Silver Filigree Bracelet around Barnard Castle. Reward.—Return to Police Station."—*Yorks paper*.
Slipped into the moat when the drawbridge was up?



His listeners could glean little comfort from Hitler's last speech except that it might be.

The best we can say for the authors of articles on Germany from the inside is that most of them were only *just* inside at the very outside.

A Peckham housewife looked out of her kitchen window while preparing her husband's dinner and saw a lion watching her. Thinking it was one of Lord Woolton's new inspectors she just carried on.

We understand that young City girls are protesting against the recent statement that they do office boys' work as well as office boys used to do it.



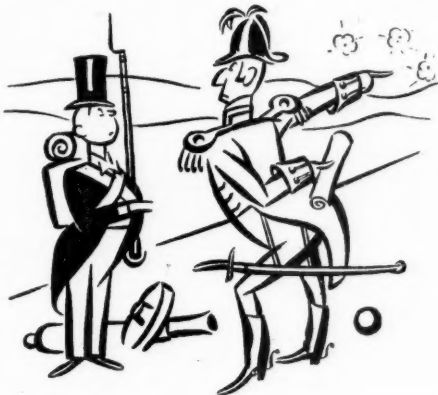
"For sale, yellow cock 5 months budgerigar, finger tame, starting to talk on wartime food."—*Advt. in Leicester paper*.
Free for lecture engagements?

The next stage in the condition of small nations is expected to be a sharp division into opposite camps—neutrals on the one side and co-non-belligerents on the other.

A correspondent describes a plumber who arrived at the house ten minutes after being called as the "1943 Plumber." Yes, but what was the date of the leak?

A well-known writer returning from abroad complains of the unaccountable silences of English people, especially during train journeys. Each traveller nowadays keeps his mouth shut lest he should betray his suspicion that the other fellow's journey is as unnecessary as his own.

Goebbels has now begun to sink some of our ships that were scrapped long before 1939. If the war continues very much longer we'll be losing Trafalgar.



A neutral paper declares that the German people have lost fifty per cent. of their enthusiasm for their war lords. It is now nothing to hear the crowd giving one and a half hearty cheers for a Nazi general as he passes by.

The Nazis have reluctantly decided not to protect any more minorities. They just can't spare the ammunition to shoot them with.

An Army chief told a class of boys recently that if Napoleon had not been defeated there would probably be no public schools as we know them to-day. Can it be possible that the playing fields of Eton were won at Waterloo?

More Memories

A FOOLISH reader has written to me saying that he doesn't believe I ever turned *The Adventure of Silver Blaze* into blank verse drama. Of course I did. It was that one of all my transcriptions which combined, I fancy, the most startling elements alike of the mysterious and the bizarre.

Silver Blaze (is it necessary for me to say?) was the first favourite for the Wessex Cup—the year is not stated—and was being trained for some reason or other at Kings Pyland on Dartmoor. He came of "Isonomy stock." His owner was Colonel Ross. His trainer was John Straker. The horse had vanished. The trainer was found dead. His skull had been "shattered by a savage blow from some heavy weapon," and "there was a long clear cut" on his thigh. I must not (much though I should like to do so) weary you by a recapitulation of the story as told by Sherlock Holmes to Watson or of the details of the investigation on the scene of the crime. They compose the first two acts of the play, and contained some of the finest lines I have ever written. Allow me to quote merely:

W. Pause for a moment. Did the stable boy
When he went forth, night foundered, with the dog
Leave without fastening the stable door?
H. Excellent, Watson. That was excellent.

or that other notable passage—

COL. R. Is there aught else to which you fain would call
My notice?

H. To the curious incident
O' the dog i' the night.

COL. R. (*testily*). Tut, tut. The dog did nothing.

H. (*quickly*).

That, Colonel, was the curious incident.

and then pass on rapidly to the Wessex Cup. The race was run at Winchester, and the great detective and his friend were driven to the course by the Colonel in a drag. The Colonel, who had been informed by Holmes that his horse would run after all, in spite of having vanished, looked not unnaturally rather cold and stern, and his first words (Act III, Scene 1) are an indication of his feelings.

COL. R. I have seen nothing of my horse as yet.

H. And would you know your horse if you did see it?

COL. R. I have been twenty years upon the Turf
And none, ere now, has asked me such a question.
A child, the veriest child, would recognize
The semblance of our worthy Silver Blaze
With his white forehead and his mottled off
foreleg.

W. That was an Alexandrine. How's the betting?

COL. R. That is the most peculiar part of it.

But yesterday you might have got fifteens,
To-day the price is shortening momentarily,
You would be lucky to get three to one.

H. Someone knows something. That is evident.
But hark! I hear the roaring of the ring.

[*The ring roars*

COL. R. We scratched our other entry and put all
Our hopes upon the promise of your word.
A card! a card! My kingdom for a card.

[*He is given a card. The ring roars again, this
time more articulately*

What's that? Can Silver Blaze be favourite?

THE RING.

Five four against the worthy Silver Blaze!
My shirt upon the noble Silver Blaze!
Fifteen to four against poor Desborough—
Poor, spavined Desborough! Five to four the
field!*

W. Look at the tic-tac men, how urgently
They wave their arms like mere automata.

The numbers have gone up. All six are there.

COL. R. All six. My horse is running. I don't see him.

W. Five only yet have passed. This must be he.

[*Silver Blaze canters by*

COL. R. No, no, my friends. That cannot be my horse.
That beast has not a white hair on his body,
Not one white hair. You fool me, Mr. Holmes.

H. Let us observe the race as it proceeds.

[*He looks through his field-glasses*

Behold them! They are coming round the curve!

[*The excitement of the drama at this point can
only be realized if one remembers that HOLMES,
WATSON and COLONEL ROSS are all standing
dressed in black frock-coats, black top hats, and
field-glasses, with their backs to the audience,
while the horses made of cardboard like the tic-
tac men are very rapidly and jerkily pulled across
the back-cloth on a continuous belt by stage-hands
in the wings, now one horse, now another
forging to the front.† This is done five or six
times until at last "Desborough's bolt is shot," the
Colonel's horse wins by six lengths from a horse
which is not named, leaving the Duke of Balmoral's
Iris (see "The Adventure of the Noble Bachelor")
a bad third. Silver Blaze's number is now
hoisted on the board (R.)*

COL. R. (*mopping his face*).

It's my race anyhow. Yet I confess

I can make neither head nor tail of it.

Have you not mystified us long enough?

H. You shall know everything. Come wind, come
weather.

Let us go round and see the horse together.

The second scene of Act III takes place in "the weighing enclosure where only owners and their friends gain admittance." The scene had to be changed because now a real racehorse is brought on to the stage, as so frequently happened at Drury Lane. Holmes, Watson and Colonel Ross are discovered examining it. The best part of this scene is embodied in these lines—

H. An you but wash his face and off fore-leg
In sprites of wine, you will at once discover
He is the Silver Blaze you owned of yore.

COL. R. You take my breath away. Where did you
find him?

H. In a vile faker's hands.

COL. R. The horse is sound

After that perfect gallop, he sweats well.

H. He is. I ventured on the liberty

Of running him exactly as he was.

COL. R. You have done wonders. You could do still more
By telling us the murderer of John Straker.

* The objection has been raised that the ring does not really roar like that. The objection is not sustained.

† There were no "moving pictures" in those far-off days.



THE VICIOUS SPIRAL

"Hullo, you again! Always the same old rattle."



Sillence

"All O.K.—I've tested the stirrup-pump for to-night and it still doesn't work."

H. I will. I have the murderer. He is here.
COL. R. Here? Where?

H. At this same moment in our company.
W. (with a note of disapproval).

Another Alexandrine. Do explain.

[HOLMES steps up to Silver Blaze and "lays his hand upon the glossy neck of the quadruped"]

COL. R. and W. (together).

THE HORSE!

H. The horse. It may redeem his guilt
To say the late John Straker was a man
Wholly unworthy of your confidence
And the horse did the deed in self-defence!
But hist! I hear the bell.

[A bell rings

I have adventured

A little money on the ensuing race.

It starts. An explanation of the crime
Must be deferred until a future time.

The explanation was in fact deferred until the last scene, in which the three friends are being "whirled" back to London in a Pullman carriage of which they had an "empty corner" to themselves. Tears blind my eyes and prevent me from quoting any more.

EVOE.

The Bridge, St. James's Park

YOU cannot find comfort in ducks.

Stoop to look into those beady brown eyes,
and they will tell you nothing.

Lean over the bridge and the reflected leaf-blown skies
quiver and fade as the little copper head
swims to your shadow;

and as he looks jauntily at the pond's bed
over that soft grey breast of his, you think
this duck knows something.

I am standing at the brink
of some sweet secret which will bountifully bless.

From the quirk of his tail I shall learn gaiety,
and though I cannot caress
the velvet roundness of his feathered hair,
I shall see in it the perfection of small things,
beauty of burnished copper warming the air,
satin-smooth order in the midst of confusion.

But in those flat eyes there lies no understanding or
hope,

only a deadly cynicism, an utter delusion.

You cannot find comfort in ducks.

V. G.

Lost

I HAVE every reason to believe that the gentleman in the beautiful black helmet has considerably more confidence in me now than hitherto. The occasions on which I suddenly hear my name shrieked in tones of apparent impatience and penetrating the Essex boarding of the pupils' crew room with astonishing audibility are growing fewer and fewer. Rather does it now more often occur that I find myself aviating for a period by accident, as it were, more than by definite design.

The master of aeronautics seems at the moment to be fully occupied with the baser types of the Junior Course, and only on his perambulations from the dispersal point to the Instructors' room does he occasionally "discover" me standing on the tarmac gazing skywards into limitless space with half-closed eyes. I have been cultivating this habit because I feel that it is something the public would expect of a pilot of my increasing experience, so that it causes me no small concern to find that this "faraway look" is more often than not entirely misinterpreted by the gentleman in the beautiful black helmet as indicative of some slight mental derangement.

To gloss over this peculiar inability of his to assess the finer points of one of his more able pupils, however, it is at least encouraging to find myself allocated to a machine with the careless abandon that is his present custom. No longer does he find it necessary to regard the wind-sock with such calculating scrutiny in order to estimate the exact strength of the wind and to weigh up my ability to return the aeroplane with safety to the ground. Neither does he choose the aeroplane that I shall use with the same careful attention as has previously been his wont. Now, I am directed quite fortuitously to any machine that happens to be standing idle on the tarmac and merely instructed to take it aloft and to carve pieces out of the atmosphere for a specified period of time.

The exercise on which I am at this moment intrepidly engaged is just such a one.

I have been given a map and instructed to direct my aeroplane to nowhere in particular, but always to be checking my position by reference to the topographical representation of the earth's surface that I carry in my hand.

For the first ten minutes I experienced little difficulty in this practice, mainly due to the fact that I chose

merely to fly up and down the more predominant railway lines—a procedure that we pilots call "Bradshawing"—but now that I have made so bold as to aim my aeroplane towards what appears on my map to be a wood of outstanding and, I hope, unmistakable design, the confidence I previously had in my remarkable ability has been severely shaken. The ground over which I am passing seems strangely dissociated from the varicoloured contours I am holding before me, and as each field, more unrecognizable than the last, disappears beneath me I realize with increasing trepidation that at any moment now I shall have to abandon my efforts to locate my position and consider myself—LOST!

To add further to my difficulty I cannot quite determine whether I ought in these circumstances to be looking at the ground and trying to discover some part of it which appears to be exactly represented on the map, or whether I ought to be looking at the map and trying to discover some part of it which appears to be exactly represented on the ground. I am aware that one of these methods is wrong and the other is right, although the subtlety of the difference unfortunately escapes me.

I feel extraordinarily unwell.

Although I am prepared to admit that this is no doubt partly due to the distressing predicament in which I now find myself, I feel that in the main it is caused by the erratic behaviour of my aeroplane, occasioned by my lack of vigilance as to the position of its nose on the horizon during my frenzied examination of the map in my hand.

In the best interests of hygiene, therefore, I consider it advisable to devote the whole of my attention for the next few moments to flying my aeroplane very straight and level. At the same time I shall take the opportunity of inspecting the ground beneath me, not with a view to determining my present whereabouts, but more especially to the choosing of a field of suitable dimensions in which to forced-land. Killing another bird with the same stone, this desirable circumspection will necessitate for its thorough execution the craning of my head beyond the area of protection afforded by my windscreen, so that the gelid slipstream of the airscrew may affect my failing health to advantage.

It is a pity that the farmers of our mother country seem to favour such extraordinarily small fields. It is an

even greater pity that they do not consider the possibility of airmen being in conditions of distress in their immediate vicinity and lay down enormous signs upon the ground to indicate the direction of ridge and furrow on the infinitesimal fields they do possess.

I am fully aware that even at the height at which I am now flying I ought to be able to detect in a variety of astute ways certain important features of the ground that must be taken seriously into consideration when forced-landing an aeroplane. It gives me some small measure of consolation to realize that I can actually remember the page number of my *Flying Training Manual* whereon these subtle methods are described, but I am distressed to discover that the application of such limited details as I am able to recall is entirely beyond me. In view of my fast failing health it is, nevertheless, absolutely imperative that I make some immediate attempt to return to terra firma. I shall therefore decide without further delay on the place I consider to be the most suitable to accommodate my aeroplane and trust, as I have done on so many previous occasions but in differing circumstances, to Divine Providence and the force of gravity to assist me in safely terminating this unfortunate peregrination. . . .

Exactly how it has come about it is quite impossible for me to say, but to my great astonishment I find myself sitting in my little aeroplane with its three points upon the ground and the propeller-boss but two yards in front of a thick hedge. The airscrew is no longer rotating, so that I must, by a masterly stroke of intuitive airmanship, have automatically switched off the engine at the moment of touching down.

I cannot conceal from myself, however, the fact that the hardest task of all has yet to be done. It is my bounden duty—the duty, that is, of one who had every reason to believe that with each passing day greater confidence was being placed in him—to have to perform the unenviable task of telephoning to the gentleman in the beautiful black helmet and acquainting him with the details of this unhappy circumstance.

I feel, therefore, that my powers of exposition are about to be taxed to the full and that the gentleman's displeasure will be incurred to an extent I personally have never experienced before. . . .

At the Pictures

THE LITTLE NURSE

The Lamp Still Burns (Director: MAURICE ELVEY)—the lamp being, one assumes, Florence Nightingale's; though it may be questioned whether the motives that lead Hilary Clarke (ROSAMUND JOHN) in this story to adopt a nursing career would be considered by a psychologist to resemble hers. A certain personal pique seems to come into them. But here we are not meant to go deeply into motives, for this is no character-study; the aim of the film is to present a picture of the life of a student nurse as it fits into the life of a great hospital in war-time, and the result I think is quite successful. I personally am a little put off by what I might call all the *consciously shining eyes*; but I suppose not many of you will be. By that phrase I mean to try to summarize the impression one sometimes gets that everyone visible is putting all he (or generally *she*, in this film) knows into conveying, with all possible emphasis, the most intense benevolence, enthusiasm, and moral uplift, combined with the certainty that everything everywhere is perfectly splendid. This gets me down; but as presumably it buoys most of you up, let it go.

Not that the film itself tries to make out that all is perfectly well; it shows the discouraging impact of petty restrictions on the enthusiastic newcomer, and in a skilfully-done board-meeting scene near the end allows her to sum up the protests against them. The detail of the story throughout is exceedingly well managed, and the picture is continuously interesting. Miss JOHN is very good; amateurs of shining eyes will agree that SOPHIE STEWART seems able to project from hers a gleam almost supernaturally powerful; and among a wealth of excellent small-part players the most popular will probably be those admirable comedians in the adjacent hospital beds.

Once more rejuvenated, Arnold Bennett's *Buried Alive* turns out quite well under the baffling title *Holy Matrimony* (Director: JOHN STAHL). "Rejuvenated" is perhaps not quite the right word for a piece that from

the Hollywood Edwardian London is an intensified version of the Hollywood London of any other period: the fog swirls more thickly about solid gentlemen more than usually whiskered, the gas-light gleams more picturesquely on the wet pavements and the hansom-cabs, and the proportion of policemen to ordinary citizens seems even more than normally high.

The book I don't remember very well, but I have an idea that things have been a little adjusted for the sake of MONTY WOOLLEY as Priam Farll and perhaps also for GRACIE FIELDS as Alice Challice. I think Farll has been given rather more passages of orotund invective (in the style of *The Man Who Came to Dinner*) than Bennett allowed his character; and perhaps Alice is given more chances than Bennett gave her to be pawky in the Fields manner. Nevertheless Miss FIELDS is extremely good, does not exaggerate the part, and reveals herself as a good straight actress.

Unless you are unlucky enough to sit near one of the more simple-minded Fields fans (who, like the fans of a child actress, crow with delighted shock at every crack she delivers as if they believe—and I fancy they do—that she herself has just invented it) you should find her performance pleasing, and the whole film enjoyable.

Here, too, there are rows and rows of good small-part players; this time nearly all comedians.

All the fuss connected with "the new Orson Welles film," *Journey Into Fear* (Director: NORMAN FOSTER), seems to me unjustified, for it is not a real Orson Welles film at all. It is an intelligently-made thriller, less brightly-lit than the moth-minded groundlings customarily like their entertainment to be, and ORSON WELLES produced it (but did not direct it) and takes a small acting part; that is as much as can be said. It has brilliantly impressive visual moments; and I enjoyed it not quite so much as John Huston's *The Maltese Falcon*, which was in the same key.

R. M.



(The Lamp Still Burns)

THE NURSE'S DIAGNOSIS

Nurse Clarke ROSAMUND JOHN

the first scene (containing an invitation to snigger at the revelation of an ankle) so deliberately exploits Edwardian quaintness, but it will do. Once again we are in the Hollywood London—and



(Holy Matrimony)

IDENTITY PARADE

Mrs. Leek UNA O'CONNOR
Alice Challice GRACIE FIELDS
Priam Farll MONTY WOOLLEY

The Psychologist

I SEATED myself in my Number Nineteen and looked round. The bus was less packed than usual, for we were virtuously travelling between ten and four. The conductor was leaning against the entrance shaking a paternal finger at the girl who had precariously boarded the bus as the traffic lights changed. He stood patiently before the scented women who were unconcernedly chattering of their own affairs with loud-voiced confidence.

"Oh, yes, I think a twopenny—no, no, a threepenny," said one of them, distracted momentarily.

"That's right, ma'am, that's right, damn the expense," retorted the conductor.

He ambled along the swaying bus.

"Seats in any part," he cried to his audience. "All prices, to suit all pockets. Tuppenny to tenpenny."

He slowly clipped a ticket for a crumpled old country woman whose legs dangled from the high seat as she fumbled in her purse, and with a lenient smile pressed another into the hand of a wide-eyed blonde. He advised an American soldier on cinemas as if all time lay before him; he handed out the babies and hustled the undecided; he soothed us all.

"Anyone lunching at the Ritz?" he said in what was unmistakably a Mayfair accent. "Still standing, y' know. No one for Bond Street? No lady requiring a hat? Dear, dear!"

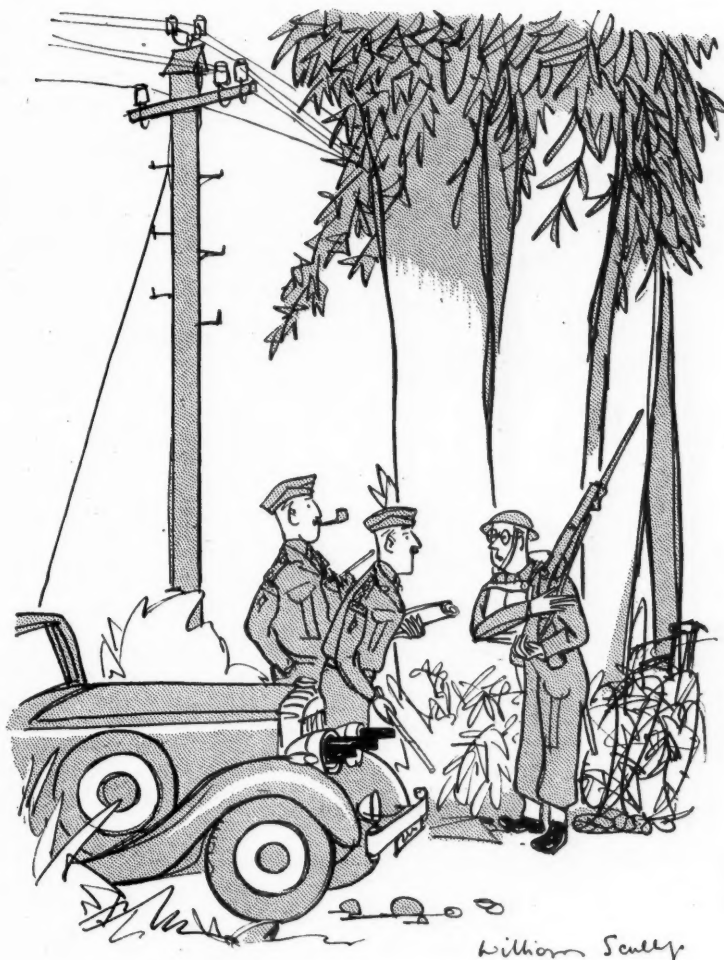
Here was an observer, his occupation the proper study of mankind, his experience enormous, his opportunity unequalled. Men and women in an endless stream passed before him, hastening on their lawful occasions, their guilty purposes, unconscious, preoccupied with their plans, elated, busy, bored, tired, cross and gay they passed, unmindful of the swift judgment meted out to them with the ting of the ticket-clipper.

The gentle, the hard, the smart, the pompous, the over-anxious, the definitely sly. It was a sober thought that we all wear our hearts on our sleeves, carry our secret motives patently as a panache.

He must, I imagined, have become omniscient through the years. "An introvert," I could fancy him whispering as he ran briskly up the stairs; "Scherzoid," as he swung from the platform.

At the next stop the bus filled up.

"By leave," I heard a gruff voice at



"H.Q., Sir? Round the corner and the second building on the right; you can't mistake it, it's camouflaged."

my elbow, and, removing the shopping basket, the lamp-shade, the yard-broom and the roll of linoleum I had parked on the seat beside me, I made room for the newcomer.

He settled down with a sigh and sucked his teeth. His face was as unshaven as a musical box. Trousers so frayed and sagging, so threadbare and ragged a coat, indicated a hoard of coupons. His dust-coloured shoes had holes of unusual size to let out chunks of sock or a corn; from his tattered right cuff protruded a hook in place of a hand, and from it dangled a red cotton handkerchief obviously containing cheese. He was the tramp of fiction. As he turned and favoured me

with a beaming smile I drew back a little into my corner. Democrat I might be on paper, but there were limits to equality, there certainly must be grades of humanity. I turned and stared at the green net gummily dimming the windows. But it was time for tickets. The conductor was standing dreamily contemplating his new fare. He would doubtless have him taped. I wondered if he would share my distaste. I proffered a shilling.

"Twpenny, please," I said in my most genteel voice, drawing on a glove.

The psychologist jerked a thumb gently in the direction of my unsavoury companion.

"For two?" he said.



"Your late pass, please?"

The Gramophone

THE gramophone, scientists have declared, stands in relation to the wireless much as the horse stands in relation to the motor-car. Just as (scientists go on to declare) the horse used to be regarded as a motor-car until with the invention of the motor-car itself the public saw its mistake, so the gramophone once took the place of wireless. In other words, in the old days when people heard very loud music coming from someone else's window they blamed the gramophone, and with it progress generally. Now, of course, the responsibility for progress has been shifted on to the wireless, so that nowadays people hearing very loud music coming through someone else's window may either take it for a wireless set and be correspondingly annoyed, or for a gramophone and be correspondingly pleased to reflect on the spread of music-lovers. All this is very satisfactory for the gramophone, which can now face the future, sure of its place in the world.

What, when we close our eyes and think of gramophones, do we see? We see—such is human nature—a box with a big green convolvulus flower on top and a handle like a capital Z at the side. It is this sort of gramophone which human nature has in mind whenever it sees any other sort of gramophone. There are, naturally, a lot of other kinds of gramophone in the world to-day. There is the portable kind, which, as its name implies, can be carried—just; there is the kind got up to look like furniture, and there is also the kind embedded in a radio set. The last kind, and sometimes the last but one, go by electricity, which means that no one has to wind them. The portable kind and some others do not go by electricity, which means that

someone has to. It is not easy to wind a gramophone up, nor is it meant to be, any more than it is meant to be easy to pull a toboggan up a hill or crack a Brazil nut whole. Winding a gramophone up is, in fact, as philosophers have pointed out, ethics, or something it is no good grumbling at. But what is not ethics, philosophers have to admit, is that the person who has been assigned, by force of public opinion, to wind the gramophone up for the evening is *not* the person who enjoys the result most, because it is this person who spends the time between the beginning and end of a record in gauging when the end is due and not being surprised that the end comes as soon as it does. Winding a gramophone up is also fraught with social difficulties, because it is difficult to wind a small gramophone without going so fast as to seem to be belittling it, and difficult to wind any gramophone without getting suddenly to that sickening jerk which warns the winder-up too late that a sickening jerk is coming.

To start a gramophone it is necessary to get the round bit in the middle to revolve, and this is not usually difficult; one very frequent kind of gramophone revolves as soon as it starts being wound up, but can be stopped by hypnosis, or putting a hand on it. But another kind does not apparently start at all. This is a more highly evolved type with a lot of switches which do not connect at all except by weaving the sound-box arm over it in a certain pattern.

Another kind, not so highly evolved, does not apparently start at all either; this kind has a little concealed metal stump which the switch has come off from, and can be started only by taking the round baize-covered thing, or turn-table, off and putting the turn-table back after the small pointed bit, or hub, has got going, and this needs perhaps more will-power than any other process connected with a gramophone. One way and another, then, a gramophone is pretty mechanical, and it is easy to see why it once took the place of wireless. There is also a kind of pointer thing in the corner somewhere which makes it go

WHEN WINTER COMES

WHEN Winter comes, and come it must,
Our simple sailors put their trust
Not only in their daily tot
Of Navy rum to keep them hot,
Nor wholly in the morning gin
To hold the central heating in.
Though alcohol procures a glow
Does it rebuff the ice or snow?
Can artificial stimulants
Compete with heavy under-pants?
The answer's in the negative.
It's only woollen goods that give
Complete protection (which they need)
To naval ratings (Nelson's breed).

So up, ye knitters! Up, and knit
A scarf, some gloves (and see they fit),
Sea-boot stockings, helmets too,
As long as they're in Navy blue.
But if you lack the wool, or skill,
Please write a largish cheque and fill
It in to PUNCH'S COMFORTS FUND;
Address it "Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4." And may we plead
That he gives twice, who gives with speed?



"Umpire's decision or no umpire's decision, you were out-lance-corporalled right from the start."

either faster or slower than the gramophone's owner is used to, but this is only altered by anyone mistaking it for the starting switch. A gramophone is stopped, if it does not know how to stop itself, by taking the bit with the needle in off it and then doing whatever was necessary to start it, only backwards. As whatever was necessary to start it was quite possibly backwards too, so that this time it is forwards and therefore does not stop it, stopping a gramophone may take some little time, and it all adds up in the gramophone's owner's mind against whoever is working the gramophone. Nor, psychologists say, does it help anyone to remember that the gramophone is so old an invention by now as not to be an invention at all.

As everyone knows, a gramophone plays records; either in symphonies, or something else long, or singly. Every record is made with two sides, and in a set each side counts as part of the set. But a single record, that is a dance-tune record, is a different proposition. On one side is the record itself, and on the other side is whatever happens to be there. This other side does not, it is generally felt, work its passage, though sometimes it gets played just like any other record. Sometimes, too, it turns out that this other side is the record itself to some people, and this is very extraordinary indeed to normal people. Records are usually kept in upright cases between sheets of cardboard, sometimes with numbers on the sheets of cardboard which correspond with some more numbers on a list stuck inside the lid, but the names against the numbers on the list do not of course necessarily correspond with the names on the records between the sheets of cardboard bearing the numbers against the names on the list. This is known as system, because you can see that it was all right to begin with.

Now for the actual listening which all this works up to. Listening, like winding up a gramophone, is fraught, but in this case with a sense of the inevitable passing of time, a strange feeling, if a dance-tune is being played, that when it gets to the end it will be over. (Psychologists say that this alone, after the invention of wireless, was enough to

raise the gramophone to the status of a musical instrument.) So strong is this feeling that people who play a dance-tune twice over in succession do it in defiance of what they know to be a law of aesthetics. A symphony or anything else long is not so fraught with the passing of time, and not so many people would play one twice over, but to make up for this it is very fraught indeed with a sense of human effort, even if the effort was no more than arranging the records in order, and this is enough to make the listeners almost as self-conscious as if they were listening to real music.

Base Metals

O COAL! O Gold! the dearest treasure yet,
We give so many gallant lives to get:
Metallic lords of this unlucky star,
Like all dictators, what a bore you are!

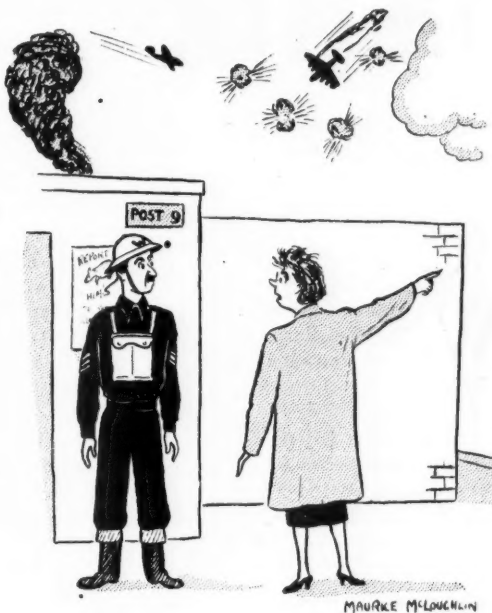
Imperious Coal, intolerable Gold,
Must we forever tremble when you scold?
Do not presume on your protracted sway:
Maybe we'll do without you both one day.

We'll rule the tides, pen rivers in the pound;
For Water too can make the wheels go round:
And you shall see, from Poona to the Pole,
Clean Water do the dirty work of Coal.

We count our Gold—our fathers counted beads—
To know our riches, or reveal our needs:
But fair white Paper can do both of these—
And fair white Paper can be made from trees.

We'll be more near to Nature in that hour
When Wood means Wealth and Water stands for Power,
And none becomes a citizen of worth
By sending men to burrow in the earth.

A. P. H.



"I've come to report a rat at 'The Elms'."

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.



"I'm sorry, I'll have to charge you thirty-five shillings for the tumbler you broke—it was eighteenth century cut-glass."

Sweepers

WE sail at high water,
Preferring it deep,
To leave on each quarter
Full scope for the sweep.

We all know our orders:
The dan-buoys are out,
Within whose dark borders
There's murder about.

Flotilla formation's
In echeloned lines.
Pipe hands to their stations,
And so to the mines. . . .

One lap is well finished
And port-sweeps hauled in;
The field is diminished—
But watch for his fin:

Aye, there's his black coating
And likewise his knobs.
A quick finish floating,
To starboard he bobs.

Shoot now for free prizes—
Rough sport if you wish.
A mountain-range rises,
And down come the fish. . . .

Four laps, and dusk falling,
With every face drawn,
The stamp of our calling . . .
"Continue at dawn."

The spirit that guides us
Grabs death by the beard.
Whatever betides us,
That road must be cleared.

This done, "with slight losses,"
We fade out of view.
The grey sea still tosses;
A convoy comes through.



"AWFULLY ARRAYED"

"What's the idea of the fancy costume?"

"Merely to be prepared. I committed my chief crime in Austria: I was born there."

[The Moscow Conference has agreed that war criminals, so far as is possible, must be sent for trial to the countries where their crimes were committed.]

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done

Tuesday, November 2nd.—House of Commons: Pay-as-You-Go.

Wednesday, November 3rd.—House of Commons: The Phoenix in Committee.

Thursday, November 4th.—House of Commons: On India.

Tuesday, November 2nd.—Members passed into the House of Commons to-day through a solid phalanx of old age pensioners, who had come to present a petition asking, with pathetic Oliver Twist-like submission, for more.

They stood there silently in the Central Lobby, watching the M.P.s assemble.

Inside, Mr. JAMES MAXTON presented the petition to the House with the aid of four hefty Messengers, who staggered in with eight enormous bundles of signed forms. No sooner had they deposited the bundles at the foot of the table than, doubtless taking their tactics from the Grand Old Duke of York, they solemnly marched up the floor once more and—removed all the bundles.

The petition was said to contain 4,090,000 signatures, and it goes automatically to the Committee on Public Petitions, which will "examine" it. Your scribe's tame statistician states that, counting at the rate of two hundred names a minute, it will take the Committee fourteen days, twelve hours, five minutes, sitting day and night, foodless and sleepless, to count the names.

Which ought to prove something or other, presumably.

The House is apt to be a little blasé about the monster petition, and not unduly impressed by masses of paper. But there were few who could forget those rather wistful old eyes out in the Lobby, and the atmosphere of the House was, in consequence, a little subdued.

Mr. VAL McENTEE, distinguished-looking in the khaki of the Home Guard, inquired how many clothing coupon books had been lost by the public in a year, and how many had been returned to the owners. Mr. HUGH DALTON, President of the Board of Trade, replied informatively that the number lost between January 1st and August 31st was "about one per cent. of the total annual issue," and that the number of lost books returned

to his office in the same period was 26,000.

Mr. McENTEE looked a bit puzzled by this, but politely bowed his thanks, and seemed to be communing with himself. It was probably coincidence, however, that, a moment later, Mr. WILLIAM BROWN asked the War Minister, Sir JAMES GRIGG, whether a Home Guard was prohibited from communicating with Members of Parliament. "If so," asked Mr. BROWN menacingly, "what are the regulations dealing with this matter?"

It was Sir JAMES's turn to look puzzled. "No Home Guard is prohibited from communicating with an M.P.," he said, "and there are no regulations!"



"A LITTLE BIT OF SUGAR FOR THE BIRD"
THE NEW CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER

The Home Guard M.P.s looked relieved. It is a little difficult in the Jekyll and Hyde lives we all live these days to separate one capacity from another, and the H.G. M.P.s had clearly feared yet another complication.

There was a strange interlude. Sir WILLIAM DAVISON wanted the Prime Minister to "stop the practice" of high military officers (retired) writing military commentaries in the Press. "No," said Mr. ATTLEE, acting for the P.M.

"And will you resist any other proposals to restrict the freedom of the Press?" flashed Lord WINTERTON.

The strange interlude—and strange, indeed, it was in this hitherto somewhat anti-Press House of Commons—then occurred. The House (or quite a lot of it) cheered loudly. Several old members of the Press Gallery seemed overcome.

Then Lady APSLEY (Fashion note: She has at last joined the majority of the Lady Members in appearing hatless, leaving Lady ASTOR as the last constant devotee of the hat) asked in very crisp terms, why war savings posters at the foot of the Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square bore large Union Jacks "defaced by the addition of a gold and silver star in the top right-hand corner." What was meant by it, and who authorized it?

Sir JOHN ANDERSON, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who always steps warily on these occasions, replied that the device had no heraldic significance and that the question of heraldic authority therefore did not arise. And moreover the National Savings Committee had decided that the star should, in future, be separate from the flag.

Another sigh of relief went up, which was turned into a roar of laughter as Mr. AUSTIN HOPKINSON (who dislikes most things and says so with the maximum bitterness) commented that there was no such thing as heraldic authority, and that the whole thing was a complete ramp.

Lady APSLEY, who clearly takes these things seriously, declined to be amused.

Then Sir JOHN ANDERSON went into action again with a powerful piece about "Pay-as-you-earn" income tax, to which he so consistently referred as "Lease-lend" that a Greek chorus of Members waited to correct him every time the words came round, which was often.

Anyway, he promised that all who get their incomes from employment shall come under the Lease-lend—the pay-as-you-earn scheme early next year. He introduced a nostalgic reminder of the pre-war hairdresser's shop by promising that there should be "no waiting" for anyone.

After that, of course, everything was simple. Mr. PETHICK LAWRENCE almost went into raptures about the way in which Sir JOHN had listened to the lightest wish of the House. And when the House reaches that stage, controversy flies out of the window—so your scribe flew out of the door.

Wednesday, November 3rd.—Och! Begorrah. . . It's a fine day we've had!

Your scribe apologizes for this lapse, but he has spent almost an entire day in the atmosphere of Ould Oireland. Quite like old times, it was, with Irishmen calling each other things all



"My liege, this is the key of the citadel. I should advise Your Highness to blow it."

over the place, and Commander WILLIAMS, the Deputy-Chairman of Committees, leaping up and down in a (somewhat patchily successful) effort to keep everybody to the point.

Sir DAVID MAXWELL FYFE, the Solicitor-General, who likes the terminology of the law, looked as if he were mentally listing the affair as: *Beattie v. Ross and Savory—Williams intervening*. And WILLIAMS intervened to some purpose, with the aid of Sir GILBERT CAMPION, the alert Clerk of the House, and Mr. EDWARD FELLOWES, his assistant. To such purpose, in fact, that Sir WILLIAM ALLEN (who also sought to intervene apparently because he too is Irish) huffily cut short his speech rather than obey the Chair's ruling.

The House was talking about the Prolongation of Parliament Bill, which gives the Mother of Parliaments a further twelve months of life and the Northern Ireland Parliament power to prolong its own life if it wants to. Mr. BEATTIE, who is Irish Labour, did not like this provision, and said so at considerable length, but with considerable clarity. Apparently "the Tories" in Northern Ireland fear a general election above all things—

although they win all the by-elections and have a thumping majority in their House of Commons. So he wanted the provision for an Ulster Phoenix act expunged from the Bill.

This speech was interrupted at regular intervals by Commander WILLIAMS, calling attention to those troublesome things called rules of order. Then Sir RONALD ROSS, of Londonderry, who is one of the "Tories" referred to, got up to make a reply. He and the Commander also had a jolly duel in which honours were easy. Sir RONALD essayed to tell a funny story, but the Chair would have none of it. Sir RONALD attempted a subtle bit of reasoning—but the Chair would have none of that either.

All this time, rotund Professor SAVORY, from Queen's University, Belfast, sat watchful and silent. Then he, clearly deciding that this Hibernian blarney could no longer, by any stretch of the imagination, be called a private fight, decided to join in. In his anxiety to "get at 'em" he wandered into the gangway between the seats, thus putting himself out of order. Mr. GEOFFREY MANDER, who knows all the rules, hauled him back into order by the coat-tails, and he eventually

exhausted his eloquence. Commander WILLIAMS, Sir GILBERT and Mr. FELLOWES looked pretty exhausted too. The Bill went through.

Earlier there had been a series of revolts by Conservatives about various parts of the Bill which is to set up a war-time register of electors, and the Home Office team experienced a certain liveliness which left them (poetically, if not quite literally) bloody but unbowed.

Still earlier there had been a bit of bother (with Ireland again in the picture) about drink. Dr. LITTLE (of County Down) wanted Ministry of Information propaganda talks about the evils of drink, but Mr. THURTELL, for the Ministry, declined to help.

Thursday, November 4th.—Perhaps because to-morrow is the 5th, the House was extremely fireworky again.

But it gave the Government another £1,250,000,000 to pay for a few weeks of the war, and then passed to the sad vexed question of the famine in parts of India.

Mr. AMERY, India Secretary, promised that what could be done would be. But the House was oppressed by the tragedy of those towns and villages of far-away India.

At the Play

"THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON"
(HIS MAJESTY'S)

WHAT an enchanting idea it is for a play! And with what well-lasting wizardry has *BARRIE* worked it out! Four acts. (1) Once a month in his Mayfair mansion the *Earl of Loam* summons his staff into the drawing-room and prevails upon himself and his three bored and lovely daughters to serve the embarrassed menials with tea. None feels more embarrassment, or shows less, than *Crichton*, the peerless butler, who profoundly resents the imputation that the classes, even one day a month, can even pretend to be equal. (2) *Lord Loam*, his three alarmed and lovely daughters, his butler, the tiny between-maid on whom *Crichton* had "cast an eye," and the *Hon. Ernest Woolley*, who is an incurable epigrammatist—all are cast away upon an out-of-the-way and savage island. (3) They are still there two years later, and the two classes—the serving and the served—remain poles apart. Yet there is a profound change. It is as though the time on the watch-face had been altered from half-past twelve to six o'clock. It is *Crichton* who is the isle's dictator, *Crichton* who dines alone, with the ladies taking turns for the honour of waiting at his table. *Tweeny* pines without showing her heartache. *Lord Loam* is a handyman and plays the concertina until told to be quiet. The *Hon. Ernest* has been cured through having his head dipped in a bucket of water each time he drops an epigram. *Lady Mary*, the eldest and loveliest daughter, has lost her hauteur, goes hunting like a Diana in trousers, and is even offered the culminating honour of *Crichton's* hand in marriage. She has just accepted when we hear one of the master-coups of the modern theatre—a gun-shot from an English warship which has sighted the island. In the flash of it we are automatically back again at half-past twelve.

And in (4) we are back again in the drawing-room at Loam House. The

Hon. Ernest has published an account of the adventure, ironing out the facts into something tidy and acceptable in Mayfair and the libraries. *Lady Agatha* is reading the book aloud: "There are many kindly references to the two servants who were wrecked with the family, and Mr. Woolley pays the butler a glowing tribute in a footnote." And so on, and so on. Then a dowager, a *Lady Brocklehurst*, "the most terrifying, suspicious old creature in England," arrives on the scene. In a conversation she insists upon holding with *Crichton* her suspicions

delicacy and point. No wonder Walkley at the first production of forty years ago permitted himself the cry of delight which is the great critic's rarest self-privilege! "It is signed 'Barrie' over and over again; hold it up to the light and you see 'Barrie' in the watermark," he exclaimed. And again: "The play is to our thinking as delightful a play as the English stage has produced in our generation; always fresh and exhilarating, yet always giving *furieusement à penser*." The notice—we wish we could give more of it—has no initials. But hold it up to the light and you see "Walkley" in the watermark.

The actors A.B.W. had to praise were H. B. Irving and Irene Vanbrugh (*Crichton* and *Lady Mary*), Pattie Browne (as *Tweeny*), Henry Kemble and Gerald du Maurier (*Lord Loam* and *Ernest*). It so happens that since then the old-fashioned thing called "breeding" has largely gone by the board. Actors these days have rather self-consciously to assume this virtue since they have it not. The best performances among the aristocrats in the new and handsome revival come from Mr. JAMES HARCOURT and Miss MARGARET HALSTAN, since these are players mature and experienced enough to remember how the *Earl of Loam* and *Lady Brocklehurst* would look, move, and behave in the earliest Edwardian days.

Miss DIANA CHURCHILL drastically copes with the difficult problem of *Lady Mary* by being much more

at home on the island and in trousers than in Mayfair and a glittering robe de style. Instead of being a young lady of quality forced to go nut-gathering and scrambling through wild rivers, she presents a pretty tomboy who is obliged in the first and last acts to put on airs and graces and assume lovely but uncomfortable clothes. The most likeable performance of all comes from Miss MOLLIE MAUREEN as *Tweeny*—neat, small, and Hilda Trevelyanesque. And the best, firmest, soundest, surest, and truest to Barrie is that of Mr. BARRY K. BARNES as *Crichton* himself—an unfaltering study which will surprise this young actor's best admirers—and indeed rather seems to surprise the actor himself. A. D.



LADY MARY'S PROMOTION

Lady Mary Lasenby MISS DIANA CHURCHILL
Crichton MR. BARRY K. BARNES

are marvellously and breathlessly dissipated. "Well, were you all equal on the island?" says the dowager sharply. "No, my lady," says the butler. "I think I may say there was as little equality there as elsewhere." And later:

Lady Brocklehurst. You didn't even take your meals with the family.
Crichton. No, my lady, I dined apart.

This admirable *Crichton* who could never tell a lie has not told one, and the play ends with his announcing dinner and with the implication that he may shortly be retiring from service, marrying *Tweeny*, and opening a little ham-and-beef shop in the Harrow Road.

The thing is perfect in pattern as well as in writing of a maximum

Day Trip

LIEUTENANT Sympson came into the Mess with a dazed look and swallowed a double gin with such a dangerous expression that even Captain Hollyhock did not dare to mention that it was not yet six-thirty, when Army drinking in the Middle East officially begins.

"The Major has just told me," said Sympson, throwing himself into the only sound arm-chair with the air of a man at the end of his tether, "that I must take my platoon to the Cairo Zoo to-morrow."

We made the obvious remark that it was probably the fittest place to take a body of men who had been trained by Sympson for the past nine months, but he was too upset to retaliate.

"I didn't join the Army to conduct Sunday School treats," he said, "and I told the Major so; but he replied that he had been reading a book called *Welfare in the Middle East*, and that his conscience had pricked him because we were not doing all we ought to do to bring sunshine into the lives of our Kugombas."

So next day two truckloads of Kugombas under the charge of Lieutenant Sympson and Sergeant Bowler, who in private life is a plasterer from West Ham, set off to visit the Cairo Zoo. As I looked at them, packed like sardines in the trucks and grinning broadly, I could not help agreeing with the justice of Sympson's comparison of the outing with a Sunday School treat. There is something rather saintly and complacent about the East African in his calmer moments.

Things went wrong from the first. The drivers of the trucks were Egyptians, and Sympson found to his horror that they could not speak a word of English. Sympson does not know any Arabic. He says that he has sprained his brain trying to learn Swahili so as to be able to talk to the men, and that learning Arabic would kill him outright. So he had to give his directions to the driver through Corporal Paulo Mushumbula, who speaks enough English to misunderstand Sympson's Swahili, and enough Arabic thoroughly to confuse any Egyptian with whom he comes into contact.

It was when they had reached Opera Square in Cairo that Sympson first discovered that the Egyptian driver did not know that they were going to the Zoo. So Sympson stopped the truck and called for Corporal Paulo Mushumbula. While a

long stream of hooting traffic was held up behind them, Sympson and Paulo and the Egyptian driver went into conference, the result of which was about as decisive as a Reparations Conference in the late 'twenties.

So, to make things clear, Sympson made a noise like a lion. Then, much to the edification of a large and varied crowd, he gave a first-class imitation of a baboon scratching itself. Two truckloads of East Africans split their sides with laughter, fifteen policemen wrote furiously in notebooks. The driver returned to his seat with a resigned expression, and the party moved on.

Presently they arrived at the Pyramids, which our Kugombas had seen before. However, Sympson pretended that he had meant to go to the Pyramids as a sort of *hors d'oeuvres* to the Zoo, and they followed him round, babbling interminably. There was a strong party in favour of throwing him into the tomb of Rameses, but luckily, before action was taken, Sympson's men met another party of East Africans, and in the prolonged hand-shaking that followed all was forgiven and forgotten.

"Going to the Zoo, are you?" said the officer in charge of the other party. "Splendid! You can take my men as well. Our trucks are parked near your own. Good-bye."

So Sympson eventually arrived at the Zoo with four truckloads of Africans, inextricably mixed up. He

told the men to meet him at the main gate at 1500 hours, but owing to finding a place where they sold gin he was a little late on parade himself. The other party had gone, but instead of the seventy men of his own platoon that he had set out with Sympson found he had seventy-one. He called the roll and everybody was present, and everybody said that he had answered his name, but there were still seventy-one men there and only seventy names on the list.

Back at camp he tried to sort it out, and even went through their pay-books, but the number still would not come right. The Major said that probably Sympson had got hold of an escaped monkey, which would not be noticed in Sympson's platoon, but Sympson thinks that he has too many Yowanas. More than half the men there are named Yowana, and as the people who put their numbers in their books wrote extremely illegibly so that one number is easily mistaken for another, the mystery will probably never be solved.

The Major says that it will be quite useful to have a spare man who isn't officially on our strength, because then if we lose one anywhere we will still be all square, but Captain Hollyhock hates any irregularity and has asked me privately to drop one of my own Yowanas into the tomb of Rameses when I take my own platoon on the same trip next week, so that he can transfer his spare Yowana to me.



"Call it optimism if you like—but you can't deny that Marsh's black-out material is down to $4/11\frac{1}{2}$."

English Islands or Lost off Labrador

VI

August 20th-21st ?

THE fog is worse. You cannot see the entrance to the Punch Bowl at all. The cook and the engineer have gone off in the dory to find Frenchman's Island, I do not know why. I hope they get back.

I am not complaining. If it was not so cold; and if I had not got intermittent toothache; and if we had some fish; and a case of gin, a dozen of claret, some light port, and a barrel of oysters, and this morning's *Times*, it would be rather restful. We do not get enough solitude in this life: and this is the nearest thing to solitude I have had for years. Nobody can ring me up: nobody can ask me to do anything or go anywhere. I can read at meals. I write and write. I have written 22,000 words on the Future of Newfoundland. My paper will soon be exhausted. Then I shall read the Nautical Almanac. I am teaching the Padre navigation: and I have started Reggie, the cabin-boy, on Morse.

The sea-gulls were good. But they made me crave for fish.

As I sit here surrounded by fish and hungering for fish, because we have no net or line, I review with sadness the stately sequence of fish of which we heard and saw so much in Newfoundland, in the old days before the fog got us.

First, in June, when the ice has gone, come the caplin*. The caplin are little fish, rather like smelts to look at, though not to taste. They are delicious, and have a flavour of their own. They swarm on to the beaches to spawn, the silly fools, and hang about in black clouds, while the fishermen throw small circular nets over them from the shore. This is not so simple as it looks. The net is ringed with little balls of lead, one of which you hold between your teeth to the last moment, to get a flat throw. This is hard on the teeth, and worse on the dentures.

When they have caught enough caplin to eat they spread them on the fields for fertilizers, and all heaven cries "Caplin!" for weeks.

The live caplin are about for a fortnight, and are then not seen again for another year. Some think they perish after the spawning. Perhaps they are all eaten by the cod. Nobody knows.

An enterprising citizen on the West Coast is canning the caplin experimentally. It is good. Newfoundland

caplin on toast should make the Dago sardine sit up.

After the caplin come the cod, about which I have said a few words already. They catch the cod in many ways—the hand-line, the long-line (which they call a "trawl" to make things difficult), the trap, the gill-net, and the artful jigger, without bait, which every child can use.

The "trap" is the big thing inshore. It is a great square box of net into the four walls of which the cod is conducted by a "leader" net. What fools fish are! The trap is "hauled" three times a day, a long hard labour in the swell among the rocks, especially if no fish are there. Sometimes they catch a seal. It would make a British war-wife's hair stand on end to see them "haul a trawl". For the Newfoundlanders have as little respect for our favourite fish as we have for King Cod. They think nothing of the mackerel. We watch them with horror throwing fine fresh mackerel back into the sea.

Nor do they think anything of any flat-fish. Indeed, no flat-fish has any name of its own. They are just flat-fish. You can see any number in the sandy harbours—a sort of flounder, I suppose. I persuaded a small boy to get me one and found it good. But I lost caste by eating it. It was an act of treason, I think, to the cod.

The cod likes cold water, 35 to 42° Fahrenheit, they say. So he goes north as the summer grows: and the schooners pursue him to Labrador, those that are not busy on the Banks. The men left at home get at the lobsters (while they may) and the salmon (while they can) and then tend their nets and boats and gardens till the next assault on the fish in "the fall". There is a busy little herring season on the West Coast; and they are busy looking for him here, where he is bigger than the common herring, when he can be found. Most of the herring go to the new fish-meal factory to make food for cattle—an admirable addition to Newfoundland's economy, but what an insult to the herring! On the West Coast too there are tuna (tunny-fish) and colossal halibut, the size of aldermen.

It was at the fish-meal factory I first said "What fools fish are!" thinking of the jigging of cod without bait. The manager said "Yes, indeed. We sometimes 'bar' a shoal of herring in a small inlet with a net

across the mouth. The fish swim round in circles inside the net, all fresh for the taking. But you may only bar fish for four days, as it is not good for them. So you remove the net, and the foolish fish, having got into the habit of going round and round in that particular place, often continue to do so—till we put the net up again."

Seals crowd into some of the bays by thousands in the early summer. They say the "flipper" is delicious. I have not had a "flipper." But I have had "Arctic steak"—the polite name for whale—and we were bound for a whaling station when this confounded fog caught us. The whale's ear is made of ivory, they say, and I want to get one. I am not wild about his steaks, but it certainly looks like beef.

The trawler, as we know it, does not exist, and fishing by steam-vessels within three miles of the Labrador coast still is forbidden by law. Sail reigns here at least. A few trawlers (or "draggers" as they are called here) were built before the war, but they are all busy mine-sweeping. The ancient ways prevail, and whether this is scientific or merely old-fashioned I cannot tell you. I hear both.

The mighty salmon is caught by gill-net in the bays, and by rod and line in the rivers and lakes where nets are forbidden. And I at least shall not forget the lovely trout. We saw some very fine coloured films of the Newfoundland fishing, taken by Major Wolfe. The pictures, given in slowish motion, of the great salmon leaping up some very healthy falls—and mostly falling back—made one of the noblest things I have seen on the screen.

The whole island—and Labrador as well—thinks fish, knows fish. You can hardly meet a lumberman who cannot handle a fish as well as he handles a fir. The children fish almost as soon as they can walk. They stand in impish rows under the outfall of the great power station at Deer Lake angling for trout. If you leave oxen standing near a heap of herring the oxen have a go at the fish. The very dogs eat fish, bones and all. I always understood that fish-bones were bad for dogs; but this, it seems, was an old English wives' tale. The Eskimo dogs stand on rocks watching for fish, or prowl about in the shallow water till they tread on a flat-fish, which they dig out and devour. All these wild waters were made for fish. The very icebergs moored along the coast in summer-time, they say, are

* Pronounced "capelin"



"I wish you'd do something to stop your father referring to me as a 'denizen of the deep'."

good for the fishing because they keep the water cold. I should not be surprised if the rocks were somehow designed for the service of the fish and their pursuers. North, south, east and west for hundreds of miles, the seas, the bays, the inlets, the rivers, the lakes, the ponds are teeming with fine fresh cod, all ready for the pan, with delicious salmon and succulent trout, with seal's flippers and whale's steaks, with tuna and halibut, with flat-fish and smelt.

But there is no fish in this ship.

A. P. H.

Agricultural Fancies

I HAVE recently been promoted. Instead of a postman dropping a catalogue on to Charles, a dumb waiter who stands by the front door, a deputation has waited on me. Perhaps deputation sounds too grand when I think of him—anyway he drove here in a car.

He came because I have recently taken an interest in agriculture. The Government found that our paddock

had been down to a fifty-year (or thereabouts) ley, and pointed out that its whiskers were long and tough, so therefore we must get the plough into it. We did, and also the drags, the roller, the rabbit-catcher, the hedger and the sea-gulls.

When we had knocked it about a bit the moment arrived for the rain to stop, and then something had to be sown in the mess that had been made.

As a gardener I know something about seeds, having ordered my packets from a catalogue every year since I had one sent to me. But you don't write off for a packet of wheat—you discuss the varieties with a representative of the firm that is going to do a deal with you.

For this purpose a gate is necessary, so the seedsman and I tramped across the field to a convenient one and, having scraped our boots, we settled down.

He ruled out Iron Red and Swedish Steel, which, like my rubber shares, were no good to me. Wilma had had an attack of rust, and as iron, rusty or not, in my bread would be just too much to swallow, I agreed. He fancied

Little Joss or Holdfast. I fancied neither. Little Joss reminded me of a recent recitation at a village concert for the troops, and Holdfast seemed too much like clutching at a straw. He then ran rapidly through Desprez 80, Weibulls Standard and a couple of cigarettes. I asked him if there wasn't a breed called Dragons' Teeth, but he seemed to think not.

It was when he came to Squarehead's Master that I said hold fast, and, as the packet of cigarettes was consumed, my mind was made up. Squarehead's Master it must be. But then he asked me how many sacks I should want, and luckily I remembered the old rhyme:

One for the pigeon, one for the crow,
Two to die that one may grow.

So I ordered three sacks—one for the pigeons, one for the crows, and one for luck.

As I walked home through the little wood a magpie flew past, but I cancelled him out with a salute, so the crop is certain to be a good one.

"I-think-so-too," cooed a pigeon.

"Raaf, raaf," squawked an old tar barrel.

Squarehead's Master—we shall see.

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Charles Doughty

CHARLES DOUGHTY's epic poem, *The Dawn in Britain*, was first published in six volumes during 1906 and 1907. To commemorate the centenary of his birth the firm of JONATHAN CAPE has now issued it in one volume, which is an exact reprint of the original text and is priced at four guineas. In a very interesting introduction Miss RUTH ROBBINS goes a long way towards making clear the impulses behind this colossal epic, of which DOUGHTY said "This Book is my Life's Work." At the age of thirteen DOUGHTY was rejected for the Navy. As both his travels in Arabia and the innumerable scenes of bloodshed in his epic suggest, he was by nature a man of action. "The poet," he wrote, "is not to meditate on man's vanity, but to serve his country." To his instinct for action was joined a deep feeling for the past and an equally deep hatred of the present, which produced a corresponding revulsion from the English language as used by his contemporaries. After immersing himself for nine years in the literature of Tudor England, and also mastering Anglo-Saxon and Middle English, he was carried by his antiquarian passion all over Europe and finally into Arabia. His main purpose in writing *Arabia Deserta*, he said, was to resist the decadence of the English language by continuing the older tradition of Chaucer and Spenser. His Arabian book completed, he turned to his epic, on which he had been meditating for many years. If poetry is communication, *The Dawn in Britain* is not poetry. Here and there in its endless tangled thickets is a little clearing from which the spent reader, breathing out thanks that he is not an Ancient Briton, can see the sky again. Its creaking contorted syntax and archaic language are not offensive; there is not a trace of affectation in them. But they are the medium through which DOUGHTY expressed a private dream not the universal experience of mankind. As a psychological problem *The Dawn in Britain* is stimulating, and should provide material both to believers in reincarnation and in inherited memory. Yet the final impression is that DOUGHTY in cutting himself off from his own age obscured his contact with the past. His epic is clogged with his erudition, and lacks the mysterious power to evoke the Britain of two thousand years ago possessed by a few stray unstudied lines in *Cymbeline* and *King Lear*.

H. K.

Leader in Search of a Party

The first line of a limerick, lurking unperceived towards the end of *Gideon Planish* (CAPE, 9/6), gives the clue to that novel's theme: the Colorado Beetle of democracy, the "self-appointed Galahad" or professional leader. "A gassy uplifter named Planish" . . . how poignantly Mr. SINCLAIR LEWIS sides with the Dean of his hero's first small sectarian Middle-West college in wishing to write "vanish" or "banish" to that rising demagogue's unsuitable career! Vanish *Gid* does, and banished he is—from his native Kinnikinick, from Des Moines, from Chicago, from Washington, from New York. But always *Dr. Planish*, Ph.D., Professor of Rhetoric, finds a new occupational affiliation or job—a new cause promulgated by a new fanatic that needs an organizing secretary. And always the American public finds the dollars. Aided and abetted by his pushful and devoted *Peony*, and encumbered by only one frustrated bantling, *Gid* is finally depicted turning down the presidency of his own college. As *Peony* truthfully insists, she could always keep him in New York.

A vivid book, but not easy going—so many settings and episodes are so rapidly telescoped and so inhuman is the contemptuous hilarity of their treatment. Yet the need of it—and not only in America—is apparent enough.

H. P. E.

Stonier on the War

It often seems a pity that satirists have to spin their work out of their own daily misfortunes as a spider spins out of its interior. The material is plentiful but, as in the spider's case, it stands very little wear. Mr. G. W. STONIER's *Shaving Through the Blitz* is a very brilliant book, a funny book which is really funny, and while it was appearing part by part in *Penguin New Writing* from 1940 to 1942 it seemed to swim like a new planet into print. In its collected form (CAPE, 6/-) it suffers. History in the long run may correct the injustice, but at the moment the blitz, the black market, muddling Ministries, invasion scares—absurd to say that people are tired of these subjects which seem to rise in a muffled conversational roar from every tram, train and saloon bar, but still there does seem something faded about them at the turn of 1943. "Nothing is so dead as the day before yesterday." *Shaving Through the Blitz*, however, is not dead, with its excursions on the borderline of fantasy, odd biting wit, and queer characters in whom there are fleeting glimpses of people you know quite well: *Dr. Wozzeck*, the Viennese dog-psychologist, *Mrs. Greenbaum*, the enormous Polish refugee, *Captain Spandril*, to whom you say farewell quite regretfully on his last appearance "in a night-club, dancing peculiarly and giving away State secrets." What a masterly touch too in the hotel where meals are eaten "with cold thoroughness," or the conversation through the bathroom door "like a trunk call to a Channel swimmer." It is a pity, as far as Mr. STONIER is concerned, that many of the horrors of the Home Front have become mercifully blurred, but his wit is indestructible.

P. M. F.

Bird o' Freedom

If you fly thirty thousand miles in a hundred and-sixty hours and spend what is left of seven weeks visiting North Africa, Palestine, Turkey, Russia and China you receive the (possibly erroneous) impression of a very small world indeed. Mr. WENDELL WILLKIE's tour of autumn 1942 convinced him that everyone wished the Allies to win the war, but that most people were gravely mistrustful of their own chances with the victors. They wanted independence. A future as somebody else's market, oil-well or strategic base left them cold. Mr. WILLKIE sympathized—his observations (he says) were dispassionate, his conclusions were not. Both, however, might have been even more valuable than they undoubtedly are had *One World* (CASSELL, 7/6) taken a keener interest in the tension between material and spiritual values. Mr. WILLKIE, for instance, would refuse economic self-determination to the smaller states of Europe; yet, six pages later, he soundly insists that economic freedom is necessary to self-government. The American way of life is conceived throughout as a universal panacea, a fallacy assisted perhaps by the innumerable bouquets of appreciation handed out to the envoy at every halt. Mr. WILLKIE is too kindly to be critical. Tributes to American agriculture stir no memories of Californian dust-bowls.

H. P. E.

The Lumberjacks

Few books let you forget they were written in an office or a library—anyhow in a closed room. But in *The Tall*

Trees Fall (COLLINS, 9/6) Mr. RODERICK HAIG-BROWN opens the door and lets in a breeze from reality and the open air. As you can guess, it is about lumberjacks in Canada, and, as you may not guess, the sentiments have nothing in common with those in the last act of *The Cherry Orchard*—nothing nostalgic about tree-felling on this scale. All the same, the book gives one a similar feeling of being in the presence of men and women. Mr. HAIG-BROWN's have more determination and fewer niceties of temperament—luckily, since the lumberjack's jargon is not well equipped for discussing them. The main theme is a big one, the conflict between the individual's sturdy independence and self-confidence and the necessity, as it gradually appears, for combining with his fellow-individualists against the uninformed and selfish control of the industry from remote city offices. A lesser theme is pure enjoyment of the simple life. Here Mr. HAIG-BROWN is at his best, taking the reader on holiday across vast up-country lakes to lonely farmsteads, honest country families and amusements, and on hunting trips in mountains that remind one pleasantly of Buchan's *Sick Heart River*. As for the technical jargon, about which the author is so uncompromising that he has to add a short vocabulary, one suspects that an experienced and determined writer would learn at last how to digest it and transmute it into ordinary Canadian. Readers for pleasure are so capricious that the smallest unnecessary difficulty may put them off. J. S.

Creatures Great and Small

Mr. ERIC PARKER, in *Oddities of Natural History* (SEELEY SERVICE, 12/6), has given us a lovely book, and not lovely only in the fact that it is of a pre-war fatness and excellence of paper. The greater part of its contents are provided by letters written to *The Field* with Mr. PARKER's own wise and learned comments welding them together. Often he adds a summing up and verdict. The creatures dealt with are those to be met from day to day in this England of ours, and the long list of their names is surprising, at first, because the vision of a rather built-up country in which they might find it difficult to flourish sometimes blots out the fact that there are wide open spaces still and that some forms of wild life are exceedingly persistent and prevalent. At a second glance it is to be seen that, long as the list is, many creatures—bats, for instance, and toads—are missing from it; perhaps we may hope for a second volume. Meanwhile the thrashing out of such questions as: Where do frogs spend the winter? How should one treat adder-bite? Do hedgehogs milk cows? Does the blackbird sing at night? and a hundred others makes entrancing reading; and of course there is a long note on the cuckoo (bother the cuckoo!). B. E. S.

Llewelyn Powys

Llewelyn Powys died in a Swiss sanatorium shortly after the outbreak of war, in his fifty-sixth year. He had suffered from consumption since his early twenties, five years in Kenya had not cured him, and when he was thirty-six he wrote despairingly to one of his brothers—"Grey hairs on my head, and nothing of value written and nothing of value able to be written, and no girl ever in my arms." His marriage a little later with Miss Alyse Gregory, an American lady who was the managing director of a literary magazine, *The Dial*, stabilized him, and during the last fifteen years of his life he wrote a great many books. His philosophy, adopted in self-defence, was a somewhat flamboyant paganism, of the kind which flourished in the

eighteen-nineties but was too out of tune with the period between the two wars to secure him much recognition either from the general public or from the votaries of newer cults. It is unlikely that he will be much read in the future, but this volume (*The Letters of Llewelyn Powys*. JOHN LANE, 21/-) contains material out of which an interesting memoir could be constructed. Much of it, however, is of very slight interest, and few readers will share the regret of the editor, Mr. LOUIS WILKINSON, that present difficulties have compelled him to omit more than half of the letters which it was his original intention to publish. It is a pity, too, that the biographical memoir by Miss Gregory should contain such unduly picturesque sketches of the persons to whom the letters are addressed; the editor, for example, being presented as "tall with an impressive eighteenth-century head, eyes that behind thick-lensed glasses hold passion in leash, the upper lip of an archbishop, and hair that catches in it the changing tones of autumn foliage." But the book is redeemed by the youthful freshness which coexisted in Llewelyn Powys with his studied paganism and survived all his suffering. This passage from one of his last letters might have been written in his teens—"The mountain cows here are mouse-coloured, large like big Jersey cows, and the peasants love them because they keep them shut up for eight months and come to know them so well. One peasant told Lisaly he always got his cows to comb his old bushy head with their tongues." H. K.

Edward Lyttelton

Despite all the achievements and struggles and disappointments of his busy and devoted life Canon Lyttelton would perhaps not have been unhappy to be best remembered as the captain of one of the greatest of all elevens. This was the Cambridge Eleven of 1878, with its two Lytteltons and two Steels and Lucas and Morton, who beat everybody and made the Australians afraid at the sight of a light blue blazer. He could turn swiftly and without incongruity from one interest to another and once remarked: "Well, it's certainly a rum thing, but I never go into a church without visualizing the spin of the ball up the nave." Dr. ALINGTON in his book (*Edward Lyttelton: An Appreciation by Cyril Alington, D.D., Dean of Durham*. JOHN MURRAY, 5/-) has left his brother-in-law's athletic distinctions to Mr. George Lyttelton, an admirable writer of English, with the family gift of pungent epithet, which sometimes in the case of his Uncle Robert amounted almost to genius. For himself he has deliberately chosen Edward Lyttelton's later years, when he had retired from Eton after a career as Headmaster which it would be stupid and unkind to dismiss as a failure, but which was not wholly successful, if only because of his inability to tackle "that dull nightmare organization." Many men might have relapsed into the inertia of disappointment, but it was here that Edward Lyttelton showed, in Dr. ALINGTON's words, "the essential qualities of a saint," ever ready to undertake lesser tasks, passionately anxious to help, filled with a serene faith which reduced religion to terms of utter simplicity. By his own sparing descriptions, from Lyttelton's letters and from the tributes of his friends, the author presents a pleasant and vivid picture of a man; one ardent and sincere and illogical; too much at the mercy of new ideas and with an intellect hardly equal to his aspirations, but original, humorous, humble and above all lovable. When he was Headmaster of Eton those of his colleagues who most vehemently disagreed with him never failed to be fond of him, neither will the least naturally sympathetic reader of this little book. B. D.



"It was just here that we heard that woodpecker—remember, dear?"

Nothing To Do

PRIVATE Green has made his bed and is lying on it. His expression is one of boredom. Private Brown has drawn a form up to the stove and is gazing into the red fire despondently. Private Green stirs.

"Done me darnin'," sighs Private Green—"polished me brasses, polished Nobby's brasses . . ."

"Wrote to the missis?" asks Private Brown gloomily.

"Wrote to the missis, twice."

Private Brown gives the stove a kick.

"Wrote to mine. And the kid, and the old folks."

"Cleaned yer rifle?"

"Cleaned me rifle. Blancoed me webbing."

Silence. There is a hum from the loudspeaker over the door.

"Attention, please, all personnel. Attention, all personnel. Remember that the Recorded Music Circle will meet at 1930 hours to-night in Building One-four-one to hear a recorded programme

of works by Brahms. All music-loving personnel are invited to Building One-four-one at 1930 hours. That is all."

"Want anything from the Naffi?"

"Got me fags and razor-blade dinner-time. You want anything?"

"Wanted some polish, but Ginger give me 'alf a bottle."

"Be a long queue at the Naffi."

"You bet."

Private Green turns over on his face and says in a muffled voice, "Anything on the pictures?"

"Something about Vienna. Seen it, I think."

"Where the girl marries the bloke in the what-is-it?"

"Think so. Seen it?"

"Yeah—seen it me last camp. Got whiskers on it."

"Attention, please. Attention please. All personnel wishing to learn Russian are reminded that a Russian class will be held to-night in Building Ninety-three, opposite 'A' Company Naafi. Personnel

wishing to attend are to report to the instructor, Sergeant Armstrong, at 1915 hours. That is all."

"Goin' on leave end of next week."

"Go on?"

"Seven days. Tried for nine, but Popeye wouldn't wear it."

"Whatcher going to do?"

"Dunno."

"Built a duck-shed me last leave."

"Ah?"

"Cement floor."

"Ah."

"Attention, everybody, please. It is proposed to produce the play, 'Tilly of Bloomsbury,' in the Station Gymnasium. Will all personnel interested in amateur theatricals report to Captain Gregory, Building Twenty-two, at 1930 hours to-night, when a first reading will take place. End of message."

"Cor, there ain't 'alf a draught from under that door. Feel it?"

"Told the Corporal yesterday."

"Did 'e report it?"

"Shouldn't think so. Give me a

long talk about when 'e was in Iceland."

"I got a mate in Iceland. Ack-ack."

"What's 'e say it's like?"

"All right. Not much to do."

"Bags of entertainment, though."

"Bags. I used to think Iceland was all ice."

"So did I."

"Attention, please. Attention, please. Personnel who put their names down for the Winter Art Classes are to note that the first class is to-night at 2000 hours in Building One-two-nine, and not to-morrow night as previously announced. That is all."

"It's Greenland that's all ice, ain't it?"

"Think so. None of the boys in Greenland, though, is there?"

"Don't think so. Ever 'ear anything from Ropey Stevens?"

"Yeah. Airgraph. Owes me another now."

"Wish I was in Italy."

"Me too. Missis ain't so keen, though."

"Nor mine."

"Better than bein' bored to death, though."

"I'll say. Have you read Orders to-day?"

"Why? What's on 'em?"

"Dunno. Ain't read 'em."

"Nor me. Don't suppose there's anything on 'em."

"Don't suppose so."

"Attention, please, all personnel. Station Choir. A rehearsal for the Station Choir's performance of 'The Holy City' will take place at 2000 hours to-night in Building Seventy-two. All singers are welcome to attend, particularly tenors and baritones. End of message."

"What's the time?"

"Dunno. Why?"

"Just wondered. Gorn supper-time, I expect?"

"Xpect so. Don't this stove stink, though!"

"You're sittin' too close. It's all right 'ere."

"What did you do in civvy street in the evenin's?"

"Oh, I dunno. Mucked about with two or three mates. Wish the war was over, eh!"

"Yeah."

"Did you 'ear old Bingo on parade this mornin'? Give the 'Eyes right' instead of 'Right dress'."

"What about Captain Sutton, then. Give 'em 'Order Arms' from the 'Stand easy'."

"What did they do?"

"Wrong order. Stood fast."

"Bet 'e felt daft."

"Went ever so red."

"Attention, all personnel. Attention,

all personnel. All personnel interested in learning shorthand and typewriting should report to Building One-sixty at 2015 hours to-night, where the first class of the winter is to be held. That is all."

"Where do all the boys get to in the evenin's, d' you reckon?"

"Down the village boozier, I s'pose. I bet Nobby an' Ginger an' Curly Blewitt's down there."

"Down the boozier, eh?"

"I reckon so. Got a new girl in the bar. Cheeky piece. Slapped Ginger's face Saturday."

"Bet 'e was wild."

"I'll say. Spilt nearly 'alf a pint of mild."

"What's the mild like there now?"

"Not bad. All right Saturday."

"Feel like a pint? Then come back an' kip down?"

"I don't mind."

"Okay. Gotter do something in this camp to stop yerself goin' barmy."

"I'll say. Put a bit on the fire."

"Yeah. Taking yer greatcoat?"

"Naow. 'Tain't cold."

"Fit, then?"

"Yeah."

"Attention, please, everybody. Attention please, everybody. . . ."

But the door has slammed, and there is nobody to pay attention this time.



"Cor! Someone ain't 'arf goin' ter cop a packet to-night, mate. They ARE ours, ain't they?"

The Rise of Sir John Multiple, K.C.B.

ONCE upon a time there was a clever and ambitious boy called John Multiple, who went in for the Civil Service and took a high place in the list and was appointed to the best Department. There he worked at a wooden table in a large room and typed his own letters and minutes and sometimes delivered or posted them himself when the messenger was out. In a few years he was promoted to a desk in a corner and had three men under him. He invented a new method of minuting—it was later called Multiple's Half Minute in the Service—which so terrified his superiors that he was promoted to a polished desk in a room by himself and had fifty men under him. A hundred men and a carpet were beneath him in a few years and he told his wife in bed one night

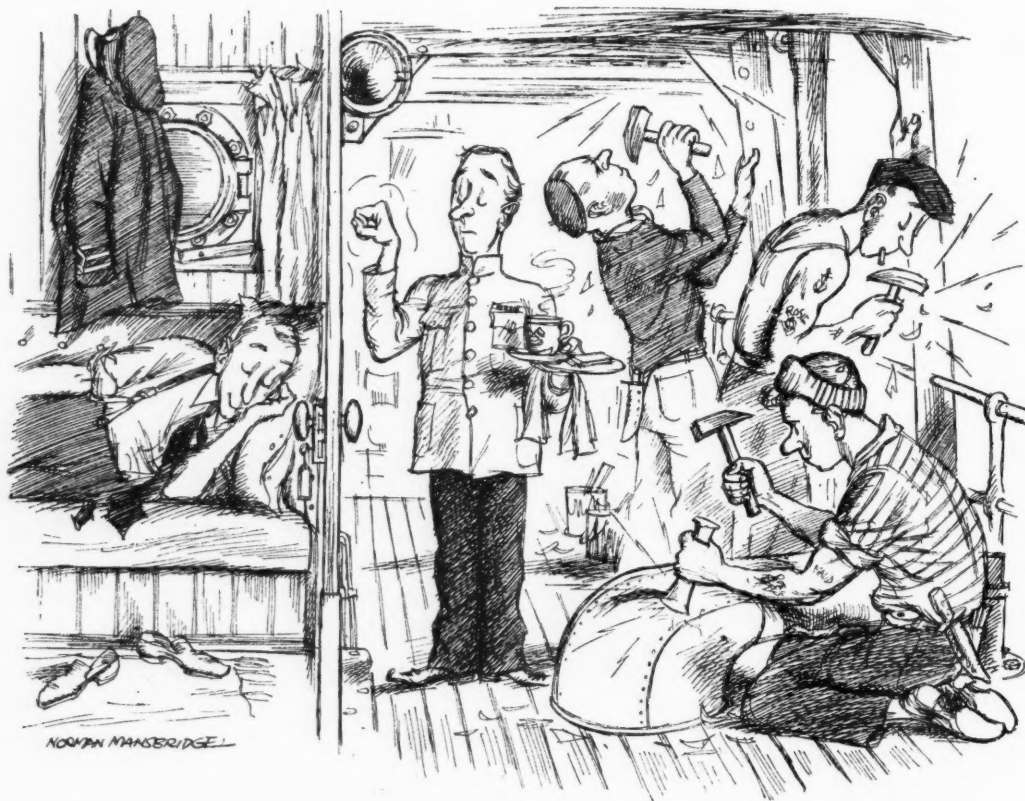
that he would have a C.B. before he died—perhaps even a K.C.B.!

Then came a war and his Department, of which he was nearly the head, expanded and had great powers, thousands of staff, control over many local councils and no fear whatever of even the Treasury, and his C.B. was talked of in the corridors as overdue.

But someone then invented Man-Power and took away the Department's men in large numbers so that its forms and files and controls were all gummed up and Multiple had to do a lot of the work himself. His Chief fought fiercely for his numbers and was repulsed with heavy losses and a Question in the House and was removed to another Sphere of Usefulness, and Multiple got his job and a very large room facing on the park. He did some hard thinking and then whirled right round. He gave his men away freely, he chased them into the Forces and other Departments. He lectured the dwindling remainder daily on cutting out

correspondence and minutes and directed that constant examination should be made for functions which might have outlived their usefulness. He even called a meeting of the things and bodies he controlled and told them that the principles of the Department were now so well established and understood that they could be left largely to themselves and he hoped it would keep fine for them. His staff dwindled to fifty and then to ten, and he moved to a smaller room with an unpolished desk and no carpet. Time and the war went on and found him at his original table in a large room, now empty, where he typed his own few letters and minutes and sometimes delivered or posted them himself when the messenger was out. And one fine day the only letter which reached his Department was addressed to himself and marked "Strictly Confidential." It announced in fitting language that he was in the Birthday List for a K.C.B.

But this all happened in Utopia.



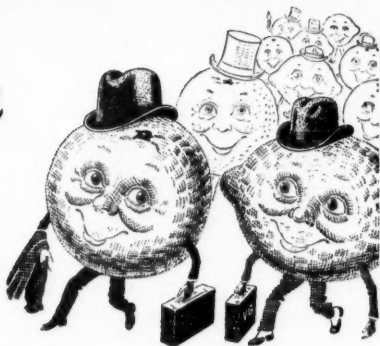
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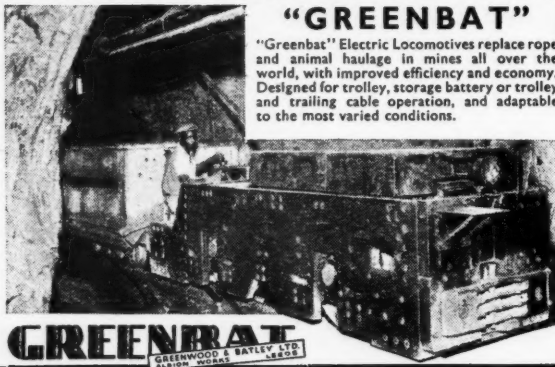
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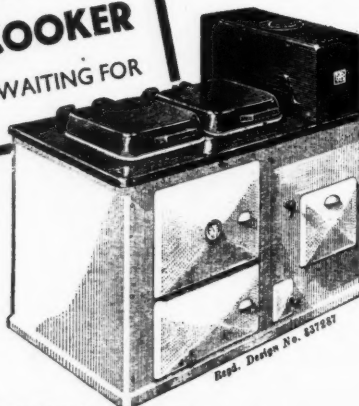


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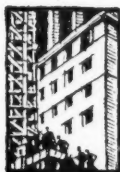
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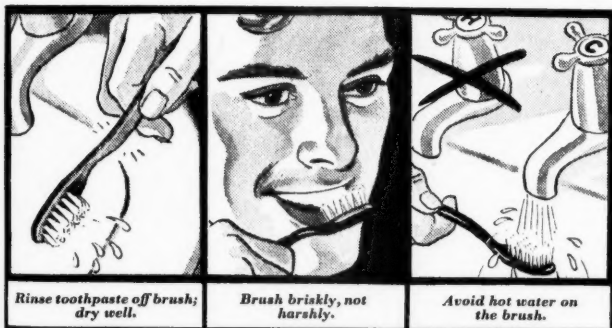


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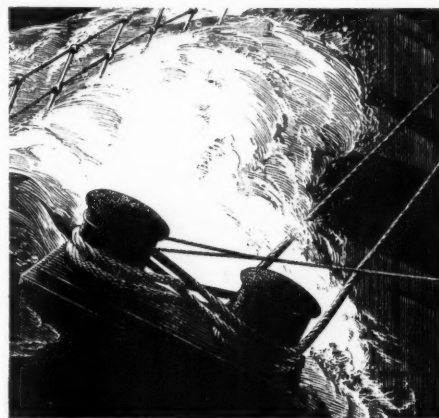
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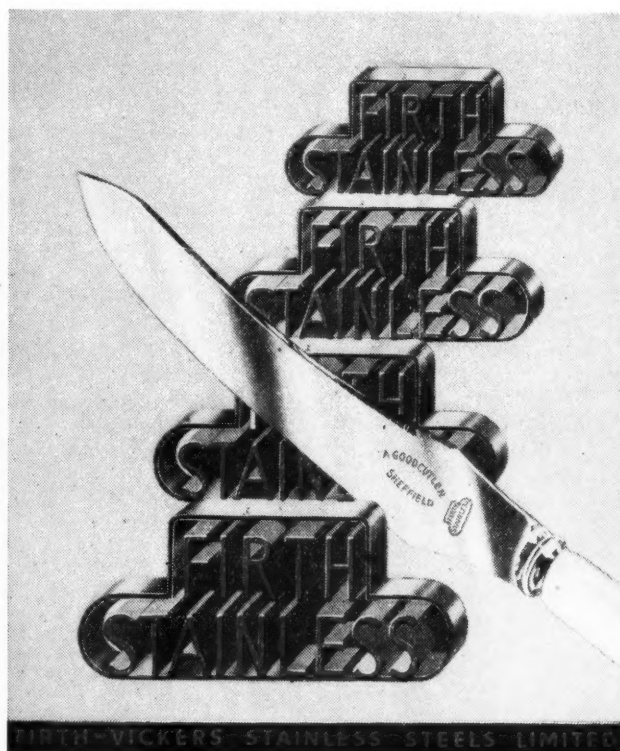
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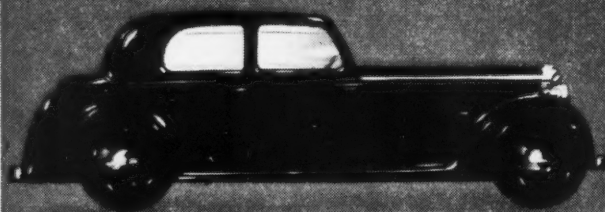


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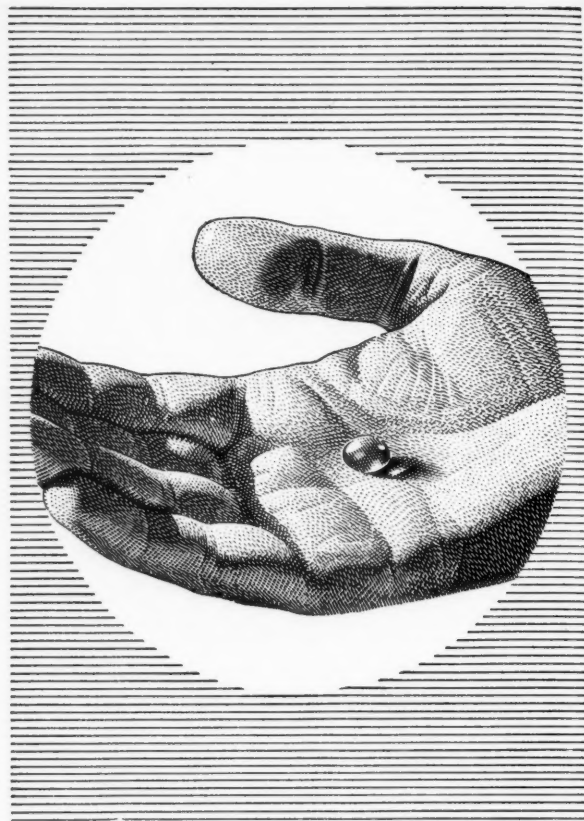


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